

Wilde and Son

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Summary: Heading back to the original film of Zootopia that was eventually abandoned, follow Nick Wilde and his father as they struggle to make their life work and fit into a society that puts predators in their place with shock collars. Based on an idea by Bgnsteal and off of the abandoned Zootopia storyboard ideas that were presented in the latest Zootopia Documentary

1. Chapter 1

"Keep up, Nicholas."

A fox with dark red fur that mingled with gray in some areas, walked smoothly along the sidewalks of Zootopia. He was wearing a dark gray business suit that fit his figure well, and accented the color of his hide. The fox walked with purpose, sauntering his way through the city that had been designed as a utopia for animals of all kinds. However, Zootopia was far from utopian, and the fox thought of this as he stretched his neck slightly, feeling the heavy shock collar that rested there.

Growing up, the fox hadn't had the most ideal situation, and hadn't gone to the best schools or received the best education, but he was smart and cunning, and he knew that Zootopia was divided in two: predator and prey, with the predators getting the short end of the stick. It saddened and aggravated the fox at how discriminated predators were after prey had chosen to let the predators' biological past define them. It was far from fair, and the metal shock collar that was locked around the fox's throat only further proved that.

Throwing a glance over his shoulder, the fox caught sight of a younger fox, who was the spitting image of him. The younger fox was struggling to keep up, still too small for the real world. His fur was just a few shades lighter than the older fox, his throat still free of the horror to come. The fox looked at his son over his shoulder and smiled affectionately. "Nicholas, hurry up now."

"Yes, Father," the little fox, Nicholas, replied eagerly. "Where are we going, Father?"

"I have a surprise for you."

"What kind of surprise?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, now would it?" The fox heard Nicholas grumble under his breath. "We're almost there, Son," the fox chuckled lightly. "Just be patient now." The father and son walked for about ten more minutes, approximately three more blocks down the Main Street of Zootopia, before turning onto a somewhat run down road that was full of abandoned houses and shops. The two walked in silence until they had passed four or five abandoned buildings on the street.

"Here we are!" the fox announced, triumph, as he gestured at one building in particular. It was an abandoned shop that looked to have once been a tailor's. The tailoring shop looked as if it had been sitting in solitude for many years; the bricks that had built it were gray and chipping slightly, and the windows were thick with years of dust. The little fox turned his head to the side, wondering what his father was so excited about. "Er, what is it, Father?" The father jumped up onto the porch of the shop, inspecting the front door. "This is going to be our legacy, Son!" The little fox followed the father up onto the porch, watching him gesture at everything as he talked on. "Imagine it, Boy! We'll be rich! We'll buy a mansion with all of the money we'll make here! With your mother's sewing skills, my business skills, and your help, we'll be a success!" The father looked up at the square window that was half of the front door. The word "_Tailoring_" was stained green into the glass that was filthy from years of being ignored. Smiling at his son, the fox wrote "Wilde + Son" in the dust underneath the stained word. The fox sighed in complete bliss. "We make the pitch for the loan tomorrow, and then the work begins. What do you think, Nicholas?"

"How are we going to fix it up?"

"Oh, we'll figure something out, but tell me, Boy, what do you think?" A grin spread across the little fox's face. "I love it, Father!"

"That a boy!" the fox laughed as he swept his son up into his arms, placing him over his shoulders. The boy began chattering excitedly. "What will I do, Father? Will I be able to help sew? Can I help the customers?" The father laughed, feeling the collar around his neck twinge slightly as his emotional levels rose. His face fell slightly at the thought of the collar going off in front of his son. The function of the collar had been explained to Nicholas in school due to the fact that he would be turning eight soon, the required age to be collared, but the father had made sure to never allow Nicholas see him be shocked. The fox hated the collar, hated that he couldn't experience real emotions without being brutally punished for it, hated that he couldn't laugh and cheer with his son in this moment without being stunned with electricity. Being wary of the collar's threat to shock him, the father replied smoothly. "You'll be able to help as much as you want. We just have to go and get the loan first, but we will, I just know it."

"Oh, Father, I'm so excited!" the little fox giggled as he flailed his paws around in joy. "Careful, Nick, don't get too excited now."

"Yes, sorry." Nicholas took a deep breath and calmed himself, just as his mother had taught him. It had been pertinent lately to ensure that once Nicholas was given a collar, he would be able to manage it. Once again, the father's face turned grim at the thought of his son being shocked, but it was inevitable, and required for all predators.

"It's quite alright. Now, let's go home and see your mother."

2. Chapter 2

"Sir, do you find that you have difficulty in finding a store that offers suits for all shapes and sizes?"

"No."

"Uh, wellâ€¦ not to worry if you do, because I am here to present you will a brilliant plan that will aid all of Zootopia's residents!" The father fox and Nicholas stood in front of Mr. Gerbillinae, a desert gerbil. The rodent sat comfortably in a massive leather chair, much too big for him, behind a grand desk as he watched the fox present his idea. They were currently standing in the gerbil's office, one of the biggest offices at the Loan Services Offices. The father and son had waited nearly an hour to see Mr. Gerbillinae, one of the best loan officers available. However, the gerbil was notorious for being very strict, only the animals with the best of ideas and situations were granted loans.

"For years, animals have had to waste hours of their time in search of a store that offers suits in their particular size. But what if there was one suit store for all mammals? Well, me and my boy have a plan, we have a location, and we have a dream. All we need is a loan to make it happen. It's not Zootopia, it's Wilde and Son's Suitopia!" the fox grinned, selling it all in brilliance. Then, Nicholas chipped in, completing the slogan with his father. "Need a suit, Suitopia welcomes you!" they both cheered. Mr. Gerbillinae said nothing, his face expressionless as silence fell over the room. The father and his son waited anxiously, smiling politely as they glanced from the rodent to the papers that sat in front of him; all the gerbil had to do was sign his name and they would be ready to be a smashing success.

If only life were that simple. The gerbil grabbed the stamp that sat on the corner of his desk, and in one fluent motion, stamped a large red "DENIED" onto the paperwork. The father's heart fell as the gerbil dismissed them with a wave of his paw. The two walked out, heads lowered in dismay.

"Father?" Nicholas and the fox sat on a cold metal bench as they awaited the bus. It had begun to drizzle, sending chills down Nicholas's spin every now and then. "Yes, Son?"

"What do we do now?" The fox sighed heavily as he looked at the wet concrete beneath them. His suit and fur were now ruffled, as he had fidgeted with them constantly after their idea had been rejected.

"Now, we are going to go and file for unemployment."

"But why?"

"Because without a job, and without Suitopia, we don't have any money to earn."

"Oh." Nicholas felt tears sting his eyes as he thought of the situation his family was in. Life was complicated and messy, but for them, it was just unfair. Being a predator family living in the slums of Zootopia was far from great, but they had no way of escaping it—well, now they had no way; Suitopia had been their last chance.

The bus came, picked them up, and then dropped them off at the Labor and Law Offices fifteen minutes later. Another dreadful hour passed as they waited to be helped in a large crowded building. The crowd was full of animals who all had grim expressions on their faces, and was somewhat quiet; only a few cries of small children filled the atmosphere. Enormous security guard rhinoceroses watched over the silent chaos of business. Once they had reached a desk representative, a mean-looking koala in a suit and tie tossed them an extraordinarily large pile of paperwork and rudely instructed them to fill it all out. Nicholas waited patiently as his father filled out the paperwork - signing here, initialing there, and so on. Once finished, the two delivered the paperwork to a small army of hamsters, who were stamping and finalizing the documentation on four different tables that had been lined up with one another. Nicholas watched as two hamsters in particular struggled to work with a larger stamp. The two hamsters would wobble as they carried it, and then would nearly collapse when they attempted to pick it up after marking a document. The process was very sad to watch. When the hamsters made their way to the father's files, Nicholas reached out, attempting to aid them when they couldn't pick the stamp up easily. The hamsters squealed and clung to the stamp in fear as Nicholas lifted it from the table.

"Nicholas, no!" The father reached out, trying to place the hamsters back down to safety, but it was too late. The security guards had heard the small rodents crying out and had stampeded over to the scene in mere seconds. In one moment, the silent chaos of the building had been replaced by screams and cries as real chaos set in. Without a word, one guard forcefully snatched Nicholas up into his large arms, making Nicholas drop the stamp and the two hamsters in surprise.

"No! Dad! Dad!" Nicholas cried out as he reached for his father, who was attempting to make the rhinoceros release his son. "Please, this is just a misunderstanding! Please, don't do this!" The guard ignored the fox, and forced his way through the crowd and into one of the small back-offices of the building, the father closely in pursuit. Inside the room, a second guard roughly restrained the father. "No, let me go! He didn't mean any harm! Please!" The guard that was holding Nicholas shifted him to one arm, as he opened a file cabinet and dug around for something with the other. A cold form of panic crept over the father as he realized what the rhinoceros was looking for. He started twisting and wriggling in the second guard's grasp, attempting to get loose. "No! He's too young! Please! He doesn't understand! Don't do this!" The guard removed a shock collar from the drawer of the filing cabinet and moved to hold Nicholas down on the lone table that sat in the room. The father continued to scream out

in protest, but to no prevail. Nicholas was screaming and crying as the rhinoceros forced the collar around his throat and activated it, before backing away. Nicholas sobbed and pried at the collar with his paws, attempting to remove it.

"No, Nicholas! Leave it be! Don't touch it!" the father hollered, his limbs still retained by the second rhinoceros. After a tough wrench at the collar, Nicholas's body went rigid, pain flooding his features as the metal necklace shocked him violently. The little fox slumped onto the table, unconscious.

3. Chapter 3

"What do you mean they 'gave it to him early?'"

"He was seen as a threat!"

"A threat! He's seven years old! The only thing he is a threat to is our grocery supply!"

"I know, I know, but this is just how it is."

"I don't like this!"

"And you think I do? I couldn't stop them, the collars are a part of the law!"

The fox's wife sighed heavily. They both stood in their cramped kitchen that was made up of a black-and-white tiled floor and four beige walls. It was late at night, Nicholas was asleep in bed, and they had been up arguing for at least an hour. The father fox had carried Nicholas home, where they were greeted by Nicholas's mother, who immediately went into hysterics at the sight of the young fox. The two had quickly put the little fox to bed, the mother grabbing a warm washcloth to drape over his head, and then had made their way to the kitchen where the discussion had begun.

"How did this even happen? Weren't you watching him?"

"Of course I was watching him! How can you even ask me that? He's my son!" the fox whispered back, agitated. "Look, it's been a long day." The fox placed a paw over his eyes as he attempted to relax himself. When he removed his paw, he saw his wife, nearly in tears. Even when she was on the verge of a breakdown, she managed to look gorgeous.

She was wearing a purple shirt that had been elegantly tucked into a reddish-orange pencil skirt that fit her figure perfectly. Her bright green eyes sparkled, even in the dim light of the kitchen bulb. "You didn't get the loan," she whispered, tears beginning to stream down her face. It was a statement, not a question. The father fox brought her into his arms and held her closely, resting his head on hers. "It's going to be okay. We are going to figure this out."

"Oh," the mother explained as she looked back up at her husband. "We promised that we would let Nicholas join the Junior Ranger Scouts. How will we ever come up with the money for that?"

"We can wait another year."

"They only do inductions every other year."

"Is nine too old?" The mother fox sighed. "Oh, I guess not. I just hoped he would be able to this year." The father fox brought her back into another warm hug. "I know, but we will figure this out. I promise." A blissful moment of silence fell over the couple, as they remained embraced, letting their warmth comfort one another and the hug protect them from all of life's troubles. They were interrupted by a small whimper that came from the kitchen doorway.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, Honey?" The mother fox quickly broke away from her husband and made her way over to the little fox, who looked somewhat disheveled. "I had a bad dream," he whined, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Oh, well that just won't do." The mother picked the little one up and took him back to his bedroom, where she tucked him back in and sat on the edge of his bed as she comforted him. "Comfy?" she asked with a small smile. The little fox nodded from his bed. "Is everything okay, Mom? You and Dad sounded upset."

"Life can get a bit messy, Dear, that's all," the mother replied as she smoothed out a small wrinkle in the sheets of the bed. "Were you talking about my collar?"

"Yes, a little."

"I'm sorry." Nicholas began to cry, but from the look on his face, it was clear that he could feel the collar slightly tingling against his fur as he let his emotions go. The mother instantly scooped the little fox out of his bed and into her arms, shushing him gently. "Don't cry now, it's going to be okay. Everyone has a collar; yours just came a bit early. You should be proud, really; all of your friends have to wait for theirs."

"R-really?" Nicholas sniffled. "Really," she replied as she kissed his forehead reassuringly. "Will you read me a story, Mommy?"

"Yes. What would you like to hear?" The mother began to gently stroke one of the little fox's ears. "I don't know. Surprise me," he stated as he leaned his head against his her.

"Okay— well, once there was a little family of foxes who lived in a very big city. This city was amazing; it was so big that every mammal in the world could be found in this one place. However, the prey were fearful that the predators might do something scary, so they agreed to have a system of collars, which would help the predators not get too angry. With the collars, no one in the city was ever hurt, and they all lived in complete harmony," Nicholas was beginning to nod off in his mother's arms, but she continued as his eyes began to close lazily. "Then, one day, a little fox got his collar for the first time and he—" The mother stumbled as she fought the surge of tears that threatened to spill. Nicholas was sound asleep in her arms. She brushed a paw over her son's collar as she thought of the society they lived in. Nothing was fair, and she knew that, but something about the piece of metal now a permanent part of her son made her realize that they would never be anything more than vicious predators. A few tears glided down her face as she placed her son back in bed and kissed his forehead once more. "Goodnight, Nick," she whispered.

* * *

><p>Alright, here is the end for this one. From here on,
I just imagine that life would "go on as usual," in a sense. I hope
you enjoyed!_

Love you all,

TatorTotTottish

End
file.